

Norwich Bulletin and Courier

113 YEARS OLD.

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The Circulation of The Bulletin.

The Bulletin has the largest circulation of any paper in Eastern Connecticut, and from three to four times larger than that of any in New England. It is delivered to over 1,000 of the 4,033 houses in Norwich, and is read by ninety-three per cent of the people. In Windham it is delivered to over 900 houses. In Putnam and Danbury to over 1,100, and in all of these places it is considered the local daily. Eastern Connecticut has forty-nine towns, one hundred and sixty-five post office districts and forty-one rural free delivery routes. The Bulletin is sold in every town and on all of the R. F. D. routes in Eastern Connecticut.

CIRCULATION

1931, average	4,412
1932, average	5,920
1933, average	6,559
1934, average	7,179
1935, average	7,543
1936, average	7,733
November 6, 1938	7,733

NOTHING TO DO WITH QUALITY.

The charge brought against a liquor dealer who applied for a license at Branford, to prevent his getting a renewal of his license was that he did not sell liquor of a good quality, but the county commissioners called attention to the attorney making the charge that it was not within their province to pass upon the quality of the liquor sold, hence that the grounds were not tenable.

The New Haven Union, in commenting upon the case, says:

"There are many citizens in New Haven who believe that they have the right to patronize a safe or saloon when they feel so disposed providing they violate no law in doing so, who also believe that saloonkeepers generally should be forced to sell the best quality and highest grade of liquors."

"As it is now, every class of tradesman who sells articles for human consumption is strictly held to the letter of the health laws regarding the purity of his goods, with the single exception of the liquor dealer."

"The saloonkeeper is practically at liberty to sell any kind of wood alcohol, benzene, or gasoline, as he may see fit, under any sort of a non de plume he may select. There may be laws governing the saloonkeeper on this subject, but the county commissioners frankly admit that they have never heard of them."

"There are many citizens who believe that a movement to secure the retailing of none but the purest liquors by all saloonkeepers, with a heavy penalty for any violation, such as they have in all European countries, would strike a happy medium between prohibition and total abstinence movements, and those saloonkeepers who believe it is their right to poison the populace with vile liquors."

"President Walter of the county commissioners admitted today that the commissioners had no authority in this matter, being solely concerned with suitability of person and place."

"I never have occasion to take a drink," explained Commissioner Walter, "but it would undoubtedly be a step forward if a pure liquor law was strictly enforced. From my viewpoint all liquors are bad enough, but the poorer grades are infinitely worse than those of the better class naturally as far as the harm they do. There has on several occasions been several movements in the legislature to enact such laws, but somehow they have never been put through."

AN AUTHENTICATIVE OPINION.

Michael E. Murphy, physical instructor at Yale and later at the University of Pennsylvania, does not hesitate to fix the responsibility for football fatalities. He is quoted as having said: "If a man is physically unable to play the game, either through lack of condition or injuries, he is almost no better than a man at all. If I had my choice of starting a championship game with an injured 'star' or a physically sound athlete of only moderate ability, I would take the latter every time and would stand twice as good a chance of winning."

This puts the responsibility for a grave fault up to the trainers and coaches, and arraigns them for poor judgment, which in effect is gross inefficiency. This may answer for part of it, and the brutal spirit of the players answers for the rest. There is no other game or physical contest where the brute force of a squad is allowed to be freely used to do up a "star." Kicking players with heavy boots, punching them with the fist and jumping on them and by weight crushing them to earth and breaking their bones adds fierceness but no honor to the game.

Massachusetts had a legislator in 1908 who was 97, and he survived the trials of a legislator's life and is now smiling at 103, because the Massachusetts legislature never had an older representative.

The configuration that occurred thirty-seven years ago tonight, said Wednesday's Boston Transcript, would have been "Boston's big fire," had it not been for the bigger one that raged all the previous night.

When Senator Cummins says that he wants to make the republican party such a party as he will feel proud to hand down to his children, he is forecasting quite a job.

By the use of meters Cleveland reduced its per capita use of water 73 gallons a day. This is a good result.

THE CONTINUATION SCHOOL.

What the cities in the east seek to accomplish by manual training classes and trade schools, the city of Cincinnati has through the liberality of its business men opened a Continuation school, to make up by training the inefficiency which everywhere marks the apprenticeship system in this country. How it operates in this city is explained: "A machine shop boy, working under a four years' contract, goes to this school one day in a week, his pay at the factory going on as if he were still at the bench. He is taught the broad principles of his trade, draughting and mathematics, is shown how theory and practice can be brought into harmony and is made familiar with technical literature."

The result of this work is expected to be its best recommendation. It is declared by those who support it, that "these youngsters will be neither more nor less than the line of their trade, the half-baked workmen that are permitted to call themselves craftsmen, of which there are too many in this country."

The plan seems to be feasible and there appears to be no reason why it should not operate well for apprentices and eventually well for the public.

THE NEW SAFETY CAR.

The latest passenger coach is latest and the best invention for the protection of passengers in case of accident. In an accident which occurred at Jersey City last week to a train made up of steel passenger coaches, not a fatality occurred, for not a passenger was crushed to death under wooden beams or cremated in any roaring pyre such as many a wrecked passenger train of wooden coaches has become.

The steel passenger coach gives assurance of the best chance to escape injury to passengers and to reduce to a minimum the death toll which the American railways exhibit every year as the result of accidents in all parts of the country. If the railways regard these coaches as a new economy to them in the operation of their roads they will rapidly be multiplied; and should they not take to the better and safer equipment the public should insist that they move to prevent the dangers and waste of life which the old wooden cars have proven to be capable of furthering.

DO NOT HAVE A GOOD TIME.

The New Britain Herald does not agree with the public speaker who gave the opinion that the tramp doesn't suicide because he has too good a time. The Herald pictures this parish of civilized life as continually plodding from one town to another, getting a meal here and there and being driven from yards and farms by men and dogs, suffering from the cold in winter and oftentimes from hunger, as having anything but a good time. In fact, his wanderlust and travel on the railway tracks—"the fool's highway"—puts him in constant peril and he dies a victim much oftener than the public imagines. It shows that last year of the number of tramps killed on the Pennsylvania railroad, that on that one line alone 457 men, mostly tramps, had lost their lives. Investigation was made at request of a charity organization and the results were astonishing, the number being much greater than any one supposed. This suggests, says The Herald, that if the inquiry was extended to all railroads and trolley lines in the country the number killed would be found to be appalling.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is always safe to tell a young man that his handsome baby must be the exact picture of its mother.

Happy thought for today: It is the man who snores who says he does not dare to go to meeting.

The fact that the diaries for 1910 are out, leaves no doubt that the old year is rapidly approaching its close.

This kind of an Indian summer could continue more than nine days without any protests being raised.

Every busybody is wondering now if Mrs. Astor will be able, with her ten millions, to get a faithful husband.

The drugstore men of New England have combined to operate against the schedules of the new tariff which they disapprove.

When a man is elected to office, he is surprised when the men of influence begin to appear and give him a lot of free advice.

Halley's comet is coming toward this earth at the rate of a million miles an hour, and it will not be visible to the naked eye until January.

The St. Louis woman who thought that she had married a count found that he was really a cook. He may be more useful than a count at that.

It does not make much difference how reckless an automobile driver is, he will stop his machine rather than to run into the open draw of a bridge.

The skilled players selected from the minor baseball leagues by the national leagues this year have cost them a third of a million. Good players come high.

Twenty-two of the fifty Carnegie hero medals given to residents of Ohio last year. The hero of Ohio always have attracted a large share of public attention.

After a good day's rest from his 12,000-mile trip, at Washington, President Taft ran for a fast train to reach New England, where he has appointments.

This country, in its annual output of chewing gum, furnishes an equivalent of three sticks each for the entire population of the earth; and we do not all chew gum.

The apple fever is raging in Pennsylvania. It is proposed to establish 500 demonstration orchards under state control there to show what the state is capable of.

"Henry, the milliner guarantees this being the last word in fall hats, and I'll simply have to have it." "It is the last word, of course, you'll have to have it."—Pittsburg Post.

THE BULLETIN'S DAILY STORY

THE BLACK OPAL

Betty held the scintillating green jewel in her palm.
"How beautiful!" she breathed, ecstatically. "You can look deep down into it. It reminds me of sunbeams playing on buried treasure in the depths of the deep green sea."

"Nonsense!" laughed Aunt Florence. "You never saw such an impossible combination!"

"Well, it's like the sun and the sea, anyway, and I love the sea," declared Betty on the delirious, shifting stone about to catch the fascinating lights reflected from its depths.

"If it's like the sea, perhaps that's why I never cared for the gem. You know I love the sea!"

Betty had heard rumors of a sailor lover some years younger than Aunt Florence and whom she had jilted for a more suited to her own taste and temperament. Betty had many times fished for her aunt's confidence on this interesting detail of her life. Here was an opportune moment to try again.

"Uncle Tom was a sea captain," she ventured, turning to the mirror and trying the effect of the gem against her bright hair. "I shouldn't think you would have married him if you disliked the ocean."

"He gave up the sea soon after we were married, as he promised me. It was on his last trip that he became possessed of the black opal. The jewel was then practically unknown in the market, and it is rare even now."

"Is it a story?" asked Betty, matching the opal to her wonderful eyes.

"Not much of a one," smiled her aunt. "His ship was lying at a port in Australia when he received word of the death of his only son, a young American, young and handsome, and your uncle let him down on board that night. When he left he cut this jewel from a necklace of smaller ones and pressed it upon your uncle."

"That night search was made for the young man, but he was nowhere to be found. When he was found he was a deserter from the crew of the ship, and your uncle never regretted helping in the escape."

"How exciting! Tell me some more about the sailor. Where on earth did he get the necklace? I wish he'd given the whole thing to Uncle Tom!"

Aunt Florence wore an inscrutable look that further plucked the curiosity of her young listener.

"Was the sailor very handsome?" she encouraged.

"Very. Dark and tall and powerful, and while he was cutting the opal from its setting your uncle noticed a small green anchor tattooed upon his right wrist."

"How interesting!" said Betty. "We might trace him by that."

"Your aunt continued: 'I once knew a sailor, tall and handsome, with a green anchor tattooed on his right wrist; one who would be just lawless enough to run away and just reckless enough to spend his last cent upon a bubble, and generous enough to bestow his most valuable possession upon one who did him a kindness. But there are probably hundreds of just such sailors with small green anchors pricked in their wrists. Now, run along with your opal. I was intending to give it to you in my will, but I'd

rather you'd have the good of it now, as you're so fond of it."

"I love it," declared Betty, intemperately, with shining eyes. "But I want the rest of the story," she complained.

In a few years the beloved Aunt Florence passed away.

Betty had the opal hung as a pendant upon a slender chain and wore it on festive occasions. One such was a party, followed by supper at a Bohemian supper place. Betty was a picture that evening in a sea-green costume of clinging material, her golden hair uncovered and the opal gleaming on her ivory neck.

Many eyes followed her as she and her party left the room. A man at a nearby table, half hidden by a palm, and who had watched her as closely as good breeding permitted, rose from his seat and leisurely followed. He was very tall and bore himself with distinction. His handsome face was deeply bronzed by exposure to the weather, and although but about 35 years old his black hair was plentifully sprinkled with silver. Before he reached the door Betty was returning. Every vestige of color had left her face.

"My opal!" she gasped, meeting his look of inquiry. "My black opal!"

He followed her to her table and stooping, picked up the pendant from the carpet. As he did so his cuff drew up from his wrist and Betty gazed with fascinated eyes at a small, green anchor tattooed there.

Her friends were close behind her. "Why, Captain, my last dollar for the opal was in Egypt!"

"So I was," answered the stranger, "but, you know, I never stay long in one place."

In a few days Betty received an invitation to join a party for a cruise in the Mediterranean in Captain Hartwell's steam yacht.

One magical, moonlight evening Betty and the captain were sitting on deck, slight apart from the others.

"I am interested in that opal of yours," he said, "and I am sure that that peculiar fascination for me. I am so bewitched by its beauty that I carry this about with me," and he drew from his pocket something that gleamed in the moonlight.

"Oh!" exclaimed Betty, "the sailor didn't give away the necklace after all!"

"At last I've found the rest of the story."

Then she told him the tale her aunt had related to her; and the man marvelled at the strangeness of fate. "I gave practically my last dollar for the stones in that necklace," he said. "A miner needed money to escape an unpleasantness in Australia, and I accompanied him. I had them set in a necklace for a lady with whom I fancied myself in love, but she had the kindness and good sense to throw me overboard. You know who the lady was. I learned before long that I had a rare treasure in the necklace, and though many times tempted to sell it I couldn't part with it. I think I must have been saving it for the woman I hope to make my wife."

Betty felt his eyes upon her face, and she hoped that in the subdued light he did not see the conscious color that irresistibly rose to her cheeks.

Within a year Betty's pendant was restored to its original setting.

"And the rest of the story" was perfectly satisfactory to both Betty and the sailor.—Boston Post.

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY.

What is the Use?

Highway Commissioner MacDonald's warning that unless the automobilists observe the speed limit law on the new Berlin highway, they won't be any highway ought to make an impression. If the automobilists are going to rip up the best roads in the state the moment they are laid out, they may as well have them torn up by the roots.—New Haven Journal-Courier.

Back to God's Country.

Mary Garden, the actress, who recently contemptuously referred to the United States as a "backwater," is a mere stepping stone to her future greatness, has had to come back to God's country to get what she wanted most, and what she couldn't find anywhere else—a husband. She is even so careful about him, moreover, that she won't tell his name.—Bridgeport Post.

Not Done For!

An exchange says: "Is Tammany done for?" No, indeed. The old tiger will undoubtedly continue to do business at the old stand, and perhaps will continue to have a say and a vote about things generally in and around the big city. We imagine that it will take more than one defeat to side-track Tammany.—Waterbury Democrat.

The Danish Experts.

Rear Admiral Schley, who commanded the Greely relief expedition and is authority on Arctic exploration, says that he does not wish to criticize the action of the National Geographic society, but he adds that the Danish experts are "by far the most competent of any in the world." Quite as severe as any criticism could have been is his remark that "what they do not know about polar exploration and examination of polar records, one can presume to tell them." This is humiliating, of course, to that cheap patriotism which holds on general principles that Americans must necessarily have more intelligence than foreigners in regard to everything. But it must be remembered that through their Greenland colonies the Danes have a direct interest in the Arctic which we lack, and as Admiral Schley said in his interview Friday, members of the Royal Geographical society spend practically their lives in this sort of work. So far as he is concerned, he says, the verdict of the Danes on Dr. Cook's records will be final, and he adds emphatically: "I would rather have their endorsement than the endorsement of any other geographical society. In fact, I would rather have their endorsement than the endorsement of all the other geographical societies put together. Where does this leave the naive proposal to have the unsophisticated Danes supervised by Americans? The most humorous and humiliating feature of the polar controversy has been the readiness to indict a nation—on the bare suspicion that it might favor Cook. Partisanship could hardly go further than that.—Springfield Republican.

He Saved Mankind.

Dr. William T. Harris, dying at the entrance on his 75th year, leaves the memory of a life keyed to high and harmonious and sublime strains. With thought throughout, in which all that his clear and definite intellect compassed was made serviceable to the elevation of humanity. His was not an originating mind, but it was one which made his own the results of philosophy and religion in its finest sense, and gave inestimable help to thinkers, to teachers and to students. He had been an inspirer and stimulator of the advance of education on the psychological basis. Hegel's system pleased his essentially systematic nature, a nature also profoundly sympathetic with human life. His addresses at such conferences as those of the Social Science association, the Lake Mohonk gatherings, and before schools, both private and public, were memorable for their beauty of feeling and finish of expression. Had he not been absorbed in the great central

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purpose of his life, he must have been distinguished in letters. His remarkable analytic illumination of the idea of Raphael in the Madonna di San Sisto, and his interpretation of the Spiritual Sense of Dante's Divine Comedy, show what large capacity he had for the values of imaginative poetry and symbolic art.—Springfield Republican.

What Happened to Peary.

Do not be too hard on Mr. Peary. In attempting to nail Dr. Cook, the commander appears to have hampered his own thumb somewhat severely.—Washington Herald.

Would Be More Effective.

A conference of governors is to be held in the interest of the safe and sane Fourth movement. A conference of small boys might avail more.—Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

The busiest spot in the world is said to be in the vicinity of Mansion house, London, where 37 vehicles pass every minute during the day.

50 MILLION

cod fish, more or less, are caught each